INFORMATION ACQUIRED FROM GOOGLE INTERNET ON IVAN SANDERSON

NET SEARCH -- IVAN SANDERSON - CBS - COLOR TELEVISION

[Ed. note: africa travel reading?...]
From Contax Mailing List:
Date: Mon, 01 May 2000
From "Bob Shell" bod@bobshell.com
Subject: Re[Contax]OT!Skunk Anansie

You should definitely read it. My old friend Ivan Sanderson first told me about it a long time ago. Ivan had been a field collector for the British Museum of Natural History in SE Asia and Africa, and loved the book as an storehouse of rare information. Generally, the book has been dismissed as being a mixture of fact and folklore, but Ivan said that those dismissing it as such were "armchair naturalists" who had never spent anytime in the back country.

If you decide to read Trader Horn, be aware that the more readily available versions, over here at least, are much shortened "expurgated" versions. It took me time to find the full length one, which is about 3 inches thick, but I eventually turned one up at a used book store.

Bob

---

miscellaneous and odd-ball medium Format cameras by Robert Monaghan

Joseph A. Citro
217 St. Paul St.
Burlington VT 05401

July 15, 2004

Hi Gary -

Thanks for the note and article. It was good to hear from you. I hope all is well.

Great to hear about your bio of Ivan Sanderson. This time I may be able to help a little. Of course you know that Loren Coleman knew him. But I have an old friend (with whom I've pretty much lost touch) who used to be Dr. Sanderson's neighbor, who spent a lot of time with him and who went on some trips with him - one, as I recall, looking for Thunderbirds.

He will have some good information for you, I suspect. His name is John (AKA "Jay") Blick. His phone number is 610-381-4057. He lives in Saylorsburgh, PA. I don't have a specific address. (Also, he has kind of turned his back on Fortean stuff.)

Since this is old information it might not be accurate. If you cannot connect with him, please let me know and we'll try another route.

By all means use my name if you contact him.

By way of news, my book Cursed in New England: Tales of Damned Yankees will be out in September from Globe Pequot. Also, I'm working on a book for Barnes & Noble called Weird New England which will be yet another collection of weird stories about our region -- the weirder the better. It'll be kind of a hybrid of Passing Strange and Curious New England and it evolved out of the "Weird N.J." template created by those two Marks from New Jersey.

In fact, Sanderson lived there, didn't he? Let me know and I'll contact Mark and Mark on your behalf to see if they have anything about Sanderson in their files.

Also, if you have any ideas for WEIRD NEW ENGLAND I'd love to hear them.

Well, I better stop for today. Lots to do and not much energy with all this rain.

Your pal,

Joe

Ivan Sanderson Biography

During the period of 1965--1969 I began to hear of a brillant man by the name of Ivan T. Sanderson, a man of many talents(if I remember correctly. he was well known as a biologist, anthropologist, zoologist snd ufologist.)

I began to correspond to him as a colleague in the UFO field and as a fan of his through many radio talk shows and published book on many subjects, UFOs included.

Finally, I asked him to speak to themembers and guests of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Two State UFO Study Group, which was the second of five similar groups that I organized from New England to Florida from 1957 -1989. All of these groups probably had over 300 quarterly meetings over the years.

I do have many fond memories of having him to speak to our Pennsylvania and New Jersey Two-State UFO Study Group at one of my meetings. And he didn't ask a penny for it. He spoke over 2 hours non-stop and never mentioned the term UFO, but once at the close of his talk.

Ivan kept our interest throughout the entire presentation and throudh the long question that followed it. He was speaking in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

After or before his brillant talk, he and I appeared jointly on an Allentown radio interview show. I remember our honorium for appearing on the two hour show consisted of a box of chocolate covered grasshoppers(no kidding!" We both consumed them quickly with our"good to the last drop"appetites.

We both had and shared an interested in "underwater UFO encounters" after a large number of submerged UFOs arose from below the ocean from New England to Florida, which made worldwide news coverage.

And to top it off--after his first wife died, Ivan married his offic. secretary, Marion FAWCETT, believe it or not. So this just about puts the wraps on the Sanderson-Fawcett connection. Marion was not related to me tc my knowledge.

Please forgive me, but I am completely swamped by church, home, family, community and of course UFOs.

I hate to send one that needs so many corrections, but really am swamped, so maybe this can do.

Warmest regards,

George D. Fawcett

George D. Fawcett
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Lincolnton, NC 28092
(704)735-5725
(fawcett28092@conninc.com)

PS I am only a fair computer operator (no attachments please) Feel free to write or call me for more info if needed. I believe that I only met Ivan four times in my life-they were a good meeting of the minds.(we picked each others UFO treasures) Ivan was a GIANT in his own right, a very brillant, and friendly person.

R. J. DURANT - 1 MARCH 2004

Remembering Ivan

It must have been 1968 or 1969 when I first heard the voice of Ivan Sanderson. His accent was a perfect "BBC" upper-class English, but what caught the attention at once – and kept it – was Sanderson's totally riveting discourse. He was on the Barry Farber radio show, one of the AM powerhouses of the day. And he was talking about the Bermuda Triangle.

I had experienced something that to this day puzzles me, and wanted to let him know about it. While flying in roughly the area of the Triangle, I had observed, from an altitude of some 30,000 feet, a huge mound of seemingly boiling water emerge from the sea about 100 miles north of Puerto Rico. It rose, looking like a gigantic cauliflower, then slowly collapsed back. The diameter of the mound must have been at least one-quarter mile.

So I wrote a letter to Sanderson with those details. To my surprise, he replied with a nice note. Soon we were exchanging more letters. Eventually, I was invited to the Columbia, New Jersey Farm. And thus began a wonderful friendship.

Unfortunately, it was to be a short friendship, because Ivan died in 1973. In fact, by the time I met him, Ivan was already ravaged by various medical problems. He had always had one "bad" eye, and now the remaining eye was deteriorating, so he had to use a magnifying glass to read, slowly scanning, and pausing when it got too much. Before this problem set in, Ivan had been a voracious reader, and he mentioned that it was a real blow to suddenly lose his lifetime habit and joy of vast reading.

But that was just a statement of fact, rather than a complaint. As I got closer to him, I learned that in those final years, sickness and an encroaching blindness were not the sum of his troubles. He was nearly broke, sustained by a few royalty checks that sporadically appeared in the mailbox. And many friends of long-standing, meaning the crowd that clung around him when he made enough money to pay the restaurant and bar bills, and who benefited from his publishing and show business contacts, had stopped calling. I did not learn this from Ivan, but from others. So I could go on at length about the miserable condition in which Ivan's final years developed. But having stated the facts in outline, I will go on to the more important point. That is, he never really complained. This amazed me, and it is one of my enduring memories of Ivan Sanderson. The man had "character" to a truly exceptional degree.

Ivan was a non-stop talker. But not a bore. Never. This was another exceptional trait. He talked and talked, but the range of topics was huge, and always what he had to say fascinated. And if you want to know how the talking was organized, look at his writing. It was the same flowing, sometimes almost poetic discourse.

His wife Alma died during this period. She was a black woman, a native of Africa, but educated in France, and so accomplished that she did translations of French publications into English. Incredibly, they had performed a night club act internationally for many years. They were dancers, doing Latin steps that were still very new. Apparently this was quite a sensation. Ivan said they gave it up because of the rigors of constant travel. Sorry, I said "incredibly." With Ivan, just about everything seemed incredible, ridiculous or impossible, but eventually I was able to document nearly every claim he made about his truly amazing life.

He told me that once he was watching a motion picture of a rhinoceros attacking and killing a man. Then he grasped that it was a movie taken of the last moments of the life of – his own father! He knew his father had been killed by a rhinoceros, but had no idea the event had been filmed.

And he was a highly skilled cook, specializing in the food of Southeast Asia. The kitchen was lined with scores of oddly shaped glass bottles, each containing a different spice or vegetable, nearly all of them originating in Thailand, Vietnam or Burma. He told me once that even though he was an experienced naturalist, and had subsisted in the wild for long periods, one thing he would not take a chance on was mushrooms. Apparently he had made a serious mistake once, and was not about to repeat it.

He liked to drink. At the time, I was a pilot with Pan Am, and had a regular run from New York to Ireland, where I would routinely buy one or two bottles of whisky. This was a double-malt called Cardhu, then quite cheap, but now a very expensive brand. To me, the stuff tastes like kerosene, but Ivan pronounced it wonderful, and eagerly awaited my next shipment. That was all I could do for the man, and gladly did it, knowing that he genuinely appreciated the occasional bottle.

It seemed Ivan was always hosting someone at the farm. Some were local farmers who stopped by to chat about entirely mundane things. Others were more exotic. A man with an eye-patch and a strong resemblance to Ernest Hemingway was there often. He was retired from *Time Magazine*, which he ran for many years, and lived nearby on a luxurious spread, but liked to hang out with Ivan. Then there was the big-game hunter from Africa, straight out of Hollywood's Central Casting, but there to plan strategy for tracking Yetis. And the British aristocrat who lived in a chateau in France, but had taken a week and a transatlantic flight to pick Ivan's brain about a similar cryptozoological venture. Everyone was treated equally, and Ivan went to pains to insure that the visitors, regardless of their eminence, met everyone else on even terms.

There was a time when Ivan made a lot of money. His books sold well, and he was a fixture on early television. It was then that, with money in his pocket, he drove from New York City, with nothing other than sightseeing in mind, and found a small farm for sale in the nearly uninhabited western edge of New Jersey. On impulse, he bought it outright. That was a lucky thing, because it was to be his home, headquarters for the Society, and his refuge.

Ivan had his faults. Upon his death, it seems that no less than three individuals produced documents in which Ivan had bequeathed to them the farm! This took considerable sorting out.

Once long ago I was musing about Ivan, and the idea popped into my mind that the best way to describe him in comparison to the rest of mankind is as follows. Ivan was like a color photograph, everyone else black and white. What a man!

R. J. Durant
March 1, 2004

Joseph A. Citro
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WORD LENGTH: 430

IVAN I. SANDERSON -
A REMEMBRANCE OF A MAN OF MANY TALENTS.

Bi

GEORGE D. FAWCETT

"QUOTE: - IF YOU GOT A FAVORITE QUOTE THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SPEARHEAD YOUR BIOGRAPHY, PLEASE WRITE IT IN, OTHERWISE I'LL HAVE TO CHOOSE ONE. BY WHICH I MEAN A QUOTE, SOMETHING LIKE:
"THE PALEST INK IS BETTER THAN THE BEST MEMORY."
- OLD CHINESE SAYING."
FEEL FREE TO CHOOSE WHATEVER ONE YOU LIKE.

DURING THE PERIOD OF 1965-1969, I BEGAN TO HEAR OF A BRILLIANT MAN BY THE NAME OF IVAN T. SANDERSON, A MAN OF MANY TALENTS. IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, HE WAS WELL KNOWN AS A BIOLOGIST, ANTHROPOLOGIST, ZOOLOGIST, AND UFOLOGIST.

I BEGAN TO CORRESPOND TO HIM AS A COLLEAGUE IN THE UFO FIELD AND AS A FAN OF HIS THROUGH MANY RADIO TALK SHOWS AND PUBLISH BOOK ON MANY SUBJECTS, UFOS INCLUDED.

FINALLY, I ASKED HIM TO SPEAK TO THE MEMBERS AND GUESTS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW JERSEY TWO STATE UFO STUDY GROUP, WHICH WAS THE SECOND OF FIVE SIMILAR GROUPS THAT I ORGANIZED FROM NEW ENGLAND TO FLORIDA FROM 1957-1989. ALL OF THESE GROUPS HAD OVER 300 QUARTERLY MEETINGS OVER THE YEARS.

I DO HAVE MANY FOND MEMORIES OF HAVING HIM TO SPEAK TO OUR PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW JERSEY TWO-STATE UFO STUDY GROUP AT ONE OF MY MEETINGS. AND HE DIDN'T ASK A PENNY FOR IT. HE SPOKE OVER 2 HOURS NON-STOP AND NEVER MENTION THE TERM UFO, BUT ONCE AT THE CLOSE OF HIS TALK.

IVAN KEPT OUR INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE PRESENTATION AND THROUGH THE LONG QUESTION THAT FOLLOWED IT. HE WAS SPEAKING IN ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

AFTER OR BEFORE HIS BRILLIANT TALK, HE AND I APPEARED JOINTLY ON AN ALLENTOWN RADIO INTERVIEW SHOW. I REMEMBER OUR HONORIUM FOR APPEARING ON THE TWO HOUR SHOW CONSISTED OF A BOX OF CHOCOLATE COVERED GRASSHOPPERS (NO KIDDING!!). WE BOTH CONSUMED THEM QUICKLY WITH OUR "GOOD TO THE LAST DROP" APPETITES.

WE BOTH HAD AND SHARED AN INTEREST IN "UNDERWATER UFO ENCOUNTERS" AFTER A LARGE NUMBER OF SUBMERGED UFOS AROSE FROM BELOW THE OCEAN FROM NEW ENGLAND TO FLORIDA, WHICH MADE WORLDWIDE NEWS COVERAGE.

AND TO TOP IT OFF - AFTER HIS FIRST WIFE DIED, IVAN MARRIED

HIS OFFICE SECRETARY MARION FAWCETT, BELIEVE IT OR NOT. SO THIS JUST ABOUT PUTS THE WRAPS ON THE SANDERSON-FAWCETT CONNECTION. MARION WAS NOT RELATED TO ME TO MY KNOWLEDGE.

I BELIEVE THAT I ONLY MET IVAN FOUR TIMES IN MY LIFE - THEY WERE A GOOD MEETING OF THE MINDS (WE PICKED EACH OTHERS UFO TREASURES). IVAN WAS A GIANT IN HIS OWN RIGHT, A VERY BRILLIANT, AND FRIENDLY PERSON.

-[END]-

OK
8/9/04

April 30, 2004

Dear Gary,

Thank you for your letter and the Sanderson material. I think my recent parcel of old Fortean clippings that I just sent to you probably Crossed [redacted] yours parcel in the mail.

I still wish you would let me know <u>when</u> the Sanderson material is to be published. You mention an "editor" going over the material, but don't say if this is a magazine or journal editor, or a book-publishing editor. Are you and Dwight Smith collaborating on a book about Ivan's life? I hope so, & I think that would be a very worthwhile project, something I've occasionally thought of doing myself, but, as you've found out, the problems with doing research are so great. I'm happy to be part of <u>your</u> project, anyway.

Here are a few suggested changes to the Bio and article:

(1) "paralegal" is one word, not two.

(2) The sentence beginning "A serious 'birder,' he has visited . . ., etc."; should be changed to read, "A serious birder,

he has explored 44 different state and national parks and wildlife refuges, from Horicon in Wisconsin, to El Yunque' rain-forest in Puerto Rico."

(3) I would prefer "Rosenblatt's favorite authors..." to "Rosenblatt's favorite non-Fortean authors," as there are Fortean aspects in Conan Doyle, Sax Rohmer, Fawcett, Lovecraft, etc.

(4) I don't understand why you put quotation marks around "old" in "...collects "old" video tapes..." They are old video tapes, going back to the 1970's and 1980's, and a few into the early 1990's, like the "X-Files" tapes that I recently acquired at a local street fair. I paid $10. for 6 different tapes of 1993 "X-Files" episodes! (I would have given the guy twice as much.) The tapes are even part of a boxed set. Probably, they will eventually be valuable as collectibles. (Like everything else from "the past.") I know the video mail-order house that sells those boxed sets of TV tapes and they always charge at least $29.95 for a 6 tape set, and sometimes as much as $150.00 or more. I did buy a 6-tape set of "The Avengers" from them for about $30, then discovered I didn't really like the show any more!

(5) I've always heard the proverb as "He who hesitates is lost," not "He who hesitates, lost!"

(6) You must get the name of the marsh that Sanderson was supposedly investigating right. It is not "Deltoz" or "Delton," but "Deltox."

(7) Several times you misspell "Ella's Deli" as "Ella's Delia."

(8) I believe that the spelling "Garry Moore" is incorrect. I think he spelled his first name as you do, "Gary."

(9) "Under warps" should be "under wraps"

(10) "He holds degrees from the University of Michigan...." should be changed to, "Rosenblatt holds degrees [redacted] in English Literature from the University of Michigan - Ann Arbor and from the University of Wisconsin - Madison, where he had the adventure described in the following article."

(11) "Sir A.C. Doyle" should be changed to "Sir Arthur Conan Doyle." However, "Colonel P.H. Fawcett" should not be changed.

(12) "honor with Howard P. Lovecraft" should be changed to just "H.P. Lovecraft."

I think that about covers it so far as the draft is concerned. You mention that Mark Chorvinsky never bothered to send you hard copies of th. last two issues of Strange on the InterNet. Frankly, this kind of behavior does not surprise me. I knew Mark for some time, first through the INFO "Fort Fests" and then as a writer for Strange. Mark is very intelligent and articulate, and knows just about everything there is to know about Forteana. However, he is a very self-centered person, and is mostly only concerned about himself and his own career.

He is also, to put it bluntly, stingy. Even though he is very well off financially, he never paid me (or any body else, as far as I know,) so much as a dime for all the stuff I wrote for Strange. I even translated an article by Hemelmans in French into English for Mark, and the only mention I got was my name at the end of the article, in print so tiny you would need a magnifying glass to read it. Of course, he never paid me anything for this, either.

I went to an East Side restaurant via for lunch with Mark, Keel, and a couple of other people. Mark, for some reason, was supposed to leave the tip. After he and Keel and the other people had left, the waitresses started screaming at me, because apparently Mark had left practically nothing at all. That's what I call "stingy."

Mark can be very charming and persuasive and knows how to get people interested in him and what he is doing. In fact, we both share the hobby of collecting mounted fish and other animals. However, like you, I have never heard from Mark again since about the time that Strange went on-line.

To put it bluntly again, I think Mark uses people to advance his career, then drops them when they are no longer useful. I've heard people at Fort Fests say the same about Loren Coleman, and, in fact, that was my experience with Loren. When he needed me for some research in his "cryptoshadows" article for Strange #5 - the cryptozoology issue -

he was all smiles - called me up on the phone, wrote to me, asked me to send him a book (which I did) and even sent me a copy of his "wantlist" of cryptozoology books, in case I should find one for sale. After that, I never heard from him again, even though I wrote to him several times.

I'm sure it's true about people taking advantage of Ivan before his death. I'm afraid this sort of "using" people goes on everywhere, and even among people who are real friends. I know I would never have got where I did by 1996 as a Fortean writer if it had not been for my friendship with Keel, but, at the same time, we really were good friends at the time. There's no point in denying that it's important to know some of the "right" people to make a career go any place. Still, I do think Chorvinsky is excessively selfish and opportunistic in the way he treats people in his professional life.

It's all a pity since both Markond Loren are excellent Fortean researchers

and writes. Nobody, since Keel stopped doing it, has done as much — first-hand Fortean field-work as Loren Coleman has. Exactly how Coleman manages to balance his work as a Social Work professor writing books about teen-age suicide, with his life as a Fortean is beyond me, but he does it, somehow.

I guess we all have other interests, besides Forteana, which helps to keep us more interesting people, in general. I have my bird-watching and walking-tours, and you have your interests in old-style photography, Lionel Tracies, and so forth.

I get a newsletter every Christmas from Mike Shoemaker, who was editing INFO for a while, and was in charge of the Fort Fest book-sales. He seems to have given up his Fortean interests completely, and is very interested in religion. I never hear anymore from Rosemary Ruley, Phyllis Benjamin, etc.

I'm trying to get through the book Chad Arment sent me to review, Quaggas and Other Zebras, but it is a lousy book, and painful to read, let alone write about.

I went on an excellent Central Park bird-walk in the middle of April. We found 23 species. There were birds all over the place. Back in March, an old college girl-friend of mine who comes from Texas, came to New York City* to give a talk on the African "Bushmen" of the Kalahari, where she spent most of the past 30 years! The next day, I took her up to West 107th Street to the Nicholas Roerich Museum to see his magnificent paintings of the mountains and landscapes (filled with Fortean images) of Tibet and Mongolia. She liked it enormously.

*At AMNH

I guess that's all I have to write. At least, I am not like H.P. Lovecraft, who routinely sent his friends letters 40 to 50 pages long!

Your Fortean Friend,
Ron

P.S. I like the Playboy hologram stickers on your envelope. When did you find such things, with "College Girls Nude" written on them? It looks like you are getting a little frisky in your old age. I know I am!

30 APRIL 2004

RECEIVED 30 JANUARY 2004

My Encounter with Ivan T. S

by

Ron Rosenblatt

In the winter of 1969, I was a graduate student in English Literature at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Although I was looking forward to a career as a professor of English, I had been interested in cryptozoology and Fortean for a while; gradually becoming more interested as time passed.

I had been reading Bernard Heuvelmans' cryptozoological classic, *On the Trail of Unknown Animals*, and his *In the Wake of the Sea-Serpents*. I had the wits scared out of me by John Keel's *The Mothman Prophecies*, one of the few genuinely scary books I had read, and I had also read some of Ivan Sanderson's early books, such as *Caribbean Treasure* and *Animal Treasure*, and the collections of his articles in *Things* and *More Things*.

I knew Ivan Sanderson was an unusual ~~[illegible]~~ and interesting man because I could remember seeing him on the old Garry

Moore television show when I was a boy. Sanderson was a very impressive, many tall and British, who would appear on the Moore television show with some anaconda or giant South American ant-eater, and would talk about the animal. I can even remember his having a huge sea-turtle in a tub of water.

So, in 1969, I had some awareness of Ivan Sanderson and his books and television appearances. Anyone who has spent time in Wisconsin in the winter knows how incredibly cold and icy it can be. So I was happy to duck into "Ella's Deli" on State Street to get some dinner on one of those freezing Mid-Western nights.

I had just sat down at a table in "Ella's" when I noticed a man come in and sit down at a table across from me. He was tall and elegant looking, and I particularly noticed his goatee, which gave him a diabolical look. He certainly didn't look at home in Wisconsin, and I remember thinking that he must be a New Yorker, and that was [redacted] his reason for coming into a "Deli."

The man ordered a sandwich. Since he was directly across from me I had a good chance to look at him. The more I looked, the more I felt he was out of place in Wisconsin, even in a "college town" like Madison. I began to feel that this man looked familiar to me, that I had seen him before. Suddenly, the realization came to me that this man was Ivan T. Sanderson. The belief came to me so strongly that I was strongly tempted to go over to him to tell him how much I enjoyed his books, and how interested I was in cryptozoo.

At the same time, I was not completely sure that the man I was looking at was Sanderson. I hesitated to speak to him, because I might just be embarassing myself by taking him for Sanderson, who was looking around the "deli" in a kind of sardonic way that further convinced me that the man I was looking at was from New York City.

In any event, I never did speak to the man. He finished eating and left, going back into the cold. I knew there was something unusual about the man, but was not sure what it was.

Several days later, I was at home in New York City for the winter vacation. One evening, I was watching the Johnny Carson show on television. Carson announced that Ivan Sanderson was going to appear to talk about alleged "Big Foot" tracks seen in Wisconsin. Sure enough, when Sanderson appeared to talk about the Deltox Marsh footprints, I realized that the man in "Ella's Deli." had been Ivan T. Sanderson, and that I had missed a fantastic opportunity to talk to him, especially as I suspected he was probably lonely in that dark and cold Mid-Western night, and would have like talking to one of his "fans"

As the years went by, and my interests moved away from English Literature and towards Fortean and cryptozoology, I realized even more keenly what an opportunity I had missed! Just to be able to say that I had conversed with Sanderson would have meant a great deal with my fellow Forteans.

A long time later, I learned that Sanderson's reason for being in the Mid-West had more to do with his and Helveston's trip to Minnesota to see the "Ice Man"

that was allegedly the frozen corpse of a sub-hominid creature that had been shown around at fairs and shopping malls as an authentic "Big Foot." Perhaps Sanderson talked about the footprints in Dalton Marsh as a way of avoiding talking about the "Ice Man," a subject that both Sanderson and Hervelmans wanted to keep "under wraps" for the time being.

So my story is a negative one, about how I <u>didn't</u> get around to talking to one of the leading Forteans and cryptozoologists of our time. Still, as one who has spent so many years studying Ivan Sanderson's fascinating writings and wonderful experiences, I consider it a great privilege to have been at least close to him in "Ella's Deli."

I often attended the INFO "Fort Fests" in Virginia and Maryland, where I had the opportunity to meet many prominent Forteans and talk with them. Somehow, my "random" encounters with Ivan Sanderson beats them all. After all, Charles Fort wrote there are no "coincidences," only ~~[redacted]~~ "Synchronicities!" What brought me and Ivan Sanderson together that freezing night?

INFORMATION ACQUIRE OFF OF THE INTERNET (VIA GOGGL'E) ON 1 MAY 2004

WEBSITE: RETIRED CBS ENGINEERS ASSOCIATION

COMMUNICATION POSTED 8 MAY 2001 - FROM CAL' MAROTTA

I NOTICED THAT MY NAME IS NOT ON ANY CREW L'IST SO IT MUST BE PRIOR TO AUGUST OF 1951. THAT'S WHEN SATHER HIRED ME AND MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT WAS ON KASHOURIS'S CREW. THE COL'OR STUDIO AT THAT TIME WAS ON 109TH ST. AND 5TH AVE. I WAS THERE UNTIL' COL'OR WAS CANCEL'L'ED. WHEN I REPORTED TO THE BL'ACK AND WHITE STUDIOS, EVERYBODY THOUGHT IT WAS MY FIRST DAY ON THE JOB. WE DID TWO SHOWS A DAY IN COL'OR. ONE WAS THE IVAN SANDERSON SHOW. HE WAS AN EXPL'ORER AND EVERY DAY HE WOUL'D COME IN WITH A DIFFERENT ANIMAL'. ONE DAY HE HAD SOME AFRICAN BEES AND THEY GOT AWAY. WE AL'L' RAN OUT OF THE STUDIO AND WATCHED THEM FL'Y DOWN 5TH AVENUE. THE OTHER SHOW WAS CAL'L'ED THE MIKE AND BUFF SHOW. MIKE WAS MIKE WAL'L'ACE AND BUFF WAS BUFF COBB HIS THEN WIFE. HER FATHER WAS A VERY FAMOUS JURIST. ONE DAY WHIL'E MIKE WAL'L'ACE WAS INTERVIEWING A NEW ACTOR NAMED JACK L'EMMON, ONE OF IVAN SANDERSON'S MONKEYS GOT AWAY AND CL'IMBED UP INTO THE GIRD. JACK L'EMMON CL'IMBED UP A STAIRWEL'L' TO THE GIRD AND WHIL'E BAL'ANCING HIMSEL'F ON THE PIPES (THERE WAS NO WAL'KWAY) TRIED TO CATCH THE MONKEY. IT WASN'T UNTIL' HIS AGENT SCREAMED AT HIM TO GET DOWN THAT HE REAL'IZED WHAT A FOOL'ISH THING HE HAD DONE ... AHHHH MEMORIES!!!

-[END]-

- ABOVE IS A VERBATIUM WORD-FOR-WORD COPYING OF THE POSTED INTERNET REPL'Y.

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[Ed. note: africa travel reading?...]
From Contax Mailing List:
Date: Mon, 01 May 2000
From "Bob Shell" bod@bobshell.com
Subject: Re[Contax]OT!Skunk Anansie

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Bob

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miscellaneous and odd-ball medium Format cameras by Robert Monaghan